

for touching your precious young ass, I wanna get some of it." He tried to pull her to the car, but Nichole struggled, kicked at his crotch. Doug saw it coming, angled his leg in to block the kick, taking the pointed toe of her shoe on the knee, a spot that proved almost as painful as the intended target. He let her go and limped over and sat down on the curb, involuntary tears in his eyes. A porch light blinked on, and a voice said, "Hey pervert, I just called the cops on you."

THE DISCONCERTED BLUES, Part 4

Brett was disconcerted when Nichole called him from Trina's house to tell him about the results of her pregnancy test. "You haven't been fuckin' anybody else, have you?" "Oh God, no!" Nichole almost shouted. "What do you think I am, anyway?"

THE DISCONCERTED BLUES, Part 5

Nichole's dad waited on the porch. When Doug limped up the sidewalk, Nichole's dad fired three times, and Doug skipped backwards and crumbled down onto the lawn.

THE DISCONCERTED BLUES, Part 6

Trina and Nichole sat on Trina's bed, drinking cokes and smoking cigarettes. Trina said, "You better hope it was Brett and not Thomas. If it was Thomas, it's gonna be pretty obvious." A fresh tear seeped out of Nichole's eye. She sipped her coke, nodded her head and said, "I know."

THE RECEPTION, Part 1

At the wedding reception of Brett and Nichole, Maid of Honor Trina and Best Man Troy sneak off to Troy's car and make love in the front passenger seat in the bright daylight, the sun's blinding glare bouncing off a hundred facets of the surrounding car window glass, blinding Troy as he comes.